

Middletown



Transcript.

VOL. I.

MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1868.

NO. 31.

CEREMONIES LAVING THE CORNER-STONE OR THE TOWN HALL,

Monday, July 27th, was the day set apart for the ceremonies of laying the Corner-Stone of the Town Hall, of Middletown, Del. The ceremonies were conducted (under the auspices of Union Lodge No. 5, A. F. A. M. of Middletown) by the M. W. Grand Lodge of Delaware.

The day was inauspicious, rain continuing to fall throughout the morning. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather there was a large number of the Fraternity present; among them the M. W. Grand Lodge of Delaware, and St. John's Commandery of Knights Templar, from Wilmington, attended by Ritchie's Band; Washington Lodge, No. 1, and Lafayette Lodge No. 11, also of Wilmington. Delegations were present from St. John's Lodge, No. 2, of New Castle; Jackson Lodge No. 19, of Delaware City; Harmony Lodge, No. 17, of Smyrna; Union Lodge, No. 7, of Dover; Eureka Lodge, No. 98, of Millington, Md. and Cecil Lodge, of Chesapeake City, Md. Union Lodge, No. 5, of Middletown, Del., was present in force, attended by the Odessa Cornet Band.

R. T. Lockwood, of Union Lodge, No. 5, Chief Marshall, Thomas E. Hurn, and Thomas W. Bucke, Assistants. The line was formed at 2 o'clock, P. M. and the procession moved down Main street to Catherine, countermarched to Broad, up Broad to Lake, down Lake to Wood, down Wood to Main, and thence to the Hall.

Arrived at the Hall, the Grand Lodge proceeded to open in public form. Past Master J. M. Cox, of Union Lodge No. 5 of Middletown, President of the Board of Directors, on behalf of the Board, then arose and invited the M. W. Grand Master to deposit the Corner-Stone in its proper place in due Masonic form.

The M. W. Grand Master then proceeded to lay the Corner-Stone, observing the following order of ceremonies on the occasion:

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

OPENING.

M. W. Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden:—The Grand Lodge having been assembled for the purpose of laying the Corner-Stone of this Hall here to be erected, it is my order that the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge be now opened for the performance of that important ceremony. This my will and pleasure you will communicate to the Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, and to the Brethren present, that all having due notice may govern themselves accordingly.

Senior Grand Warden.—Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden:—It is the order of the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of Delaware, that this Corner-Stone be now laid with Masonic honors. This his will and pleasure you will proclaim to all present, that the occasion may be observed with due order and solemnity.

Junior Grand Warden.—Brethren, and all who are present, take notice, that the Most Worshipful Grand Master will now deposit this Foundation-Stone in Masonic form. You will observe the order and decorum becoming the important and solemn ceremonies in which we are about to engage.

HYNM.—TUNE "DORT."

Father of love and might,
Send forth thy holy light

On us to shine;

Be thou our Sovereign Lord,
And may thy Holy Word
Be to us shield and sword,
Master Divine.

Bound in one Brotherhood,
Owning one common home,
Children of thine;
Fill us with kindness,
Prompt to relieve distress,
Wearing thy true hearts alone,
Master Divine.

With joyful hands, to-day.
This Corner Stone we lay

With Corn and Wine;

But do thou build up one,
Wrought in the living stone
Of our true hearts alone,
Master Divine.

Then when this house shall fall,
Fair front and sculptured wall,
In long decline;

May the True Temple grace
Thy heavenly dwelling-place,
With every stone in place,
Master Divine.

Savior Omnipotent,
Crown Thou our good intent

With grace of Thine;

Protect this house we rear;
And when Thou shalt appear
Save us who gather here,

Master Divine,

PRAYER.—By REV. MR. CROWLE,

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Bro. Grand Treasurer:—You will read the list of the contents of the Box.

The list of the articles deposited in the box was then read as follows:

A History of the organization of the Middletown Hall Company; the names of the Stockholders and officers of the Company; a map of Middletown, and a business directory of the town; a copy of the first issue of the Middletown Transcript, and a copy of each of the Wilmington papers; a list of the members of Union Lodge, No. 5, A. F. A. M. of Middletown, and a list of the officers of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Delaware; various coins of the United States; an English Farthing of 1755, found in the old brick building which formerly stood upon the site of the Town Hall; paper money—Continental, Confederate, and United States.

Grand Master.—There being no objection, I now order you, Brother Grand Treasurer, to deposit the Box with its contents, in the place prepared for its reception.

The principal Architect then presents the Working Tools to the Grand Master, who directs the Grand Marshal to present them to the Deputy Grand Master, and Senior and Junior Grand Wardens.

• HYMN.—TUNE "OLD HUNDRED."

The Rock—Great Builder of the World
Or which this Building's base we lay,
By Thee was made of iron strength,
And radiant white as glorious day.

Our Jewels, too, were formed by Thee,
The Square, the Level, and the Plumb :
These, the Foundation,—laws of Life,
From Thy own Word eternal come !

Thou freely gavest the things, with which
To build in Soul, to build with Hand,
And thus, this Corner-Stone we lay,
As long as Freedom stands, to stand !

The Grand Master then presents the Implements to the Architect, saying:—

"To you, Brother Architect, are confided the implements of operative Masonry, with the fullest confidence that by your skill and taste, a fabric shall arise, which shall add new lustre to our Town. May it endure for many ages, a monument of the liberality and benevolence of its founders.

MUSIC,.....BY THE BAND.

ORATION.

By REV. BRO. J. C. McCABE, D. D.

[Dr. McCabe being prevented, by indisposition, from delivering his Oration, it was read by H. Vanderford.]

Fellow Citizens and members of the Masonic Fraternity:

We have assembled to day to unite in a ceremonial, gratifying doubtless, to every individual in this audience; for in the little town all must feel a deep and abiding interest; specially do we, as Masons, feel gratified that an opportunity is presented to us, in the invitation given us to conduct the work of laying the Corner-Stone of your new Town-Hall, that as a fraternity, we are duly and truly prepared for the work assigned us, and, as we trust, worthy and well qualified to perform the same.

The part we take to day, far back in antiquity, was performed simply by the operative; for centuries, however, where speculative Masonry has been known, to her courtesy, in many instances by authority, has been committed the special honor of superintending the deposits in the Corner-Stones of public edifices, and when she, on closing the aperture pronounces that stone to be "well formed and true and trusty," it may be taken for granted that the task has been executed in due and ancient order.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master: What is the proper Jewel of your office?

Deputy Grand Master.—The Square.

Grand Master.—Have you applied the Square to those parts of the Stone that should be square?

Deputy Grand Master.—I have. Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden: What is the proper Jewel of your office?

Senior Grand Warden.—The Level.

Grand Master.—Have you applied the Level to the Stone?

Senior Grand Warden.—I have. Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden: What is the proper Jewel of your office?

Junior Grand Warden.—The Plum.

Grand Master.—Have you applied the Plum to the several edges of the Stone?

Junior Grand Warden.—I have. Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden: What is the proper Jewel of your office?

Senior Grand Warden.—The Level.

Grand Master.—Have you applied the Level to the Stone?

Senior Grand Warden.—I have. Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden: What is the proper Jewel of your office?

Junior Grand Warden.—The Plum.

Grand Master.—Have you applied the Plum to the several edges of the Stone?

Junior Grand Warden.—I have. Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

Grand Master.—Having full confidence in your skill in the Royal Art, it remains with me now to finish the work.

The Grand Master then gives three knocks upon the Stone, saying:—

"Know all ye who hear me. We proclaim ourselves free and lawful Masons, true to the laws of our country, professing to fear God, and confer benefits on mankind. We practice universal beneficence towards all. We have secrets concealed from the eyes of men which may not be revealed to any but Masons, and which no woman has yet discovered; they are however, lawful and honorable. Unless our Craftsmen good and our calling honest, these secrets would not have existed for so many generations, nor should we have had so many illustrious personages as Brethren of our Order, always ready to sanction our proceedings and contribute to our welfare. We are assembled in the broad face of open day, under the canopy of Heaven, to lay the Corner Stone of this Hall.

PSALM......of Praise;

PRAYER BY REV. JOHN PATTON, D. D.

The Deputy Grand Master then receives from the Grand Marshal the Cornucopia containing Corn, and spreads the corn upon the Stone, saying:—

"May the health of the workmen employed in this undertaking be preserved to them, and may the Supreme Grand Architect bless and prosper their labors."

When once of old, in Israel,

Our early Brethren wrought with toil,

Jehovah's blessings on them fell.

In showers of Corn and Wine and Oil.

The Grand Marshal then presents the Senior Grand Warden the cup of Wine, who pours it upon the Stone, saying:

"May plenty be showered down upon

the people of the City, and may the blessings of the Bounteous Giver of All Things attend all their philanthropic undertakings."

When there a shrine to him alone

They built, with worship sin to foil,

On threshold and on corner-stone.

They poured out Corn & Wine & Oil.

The Grand Marshal presents the cup of Oil to the Junior Grand Warden, who pours it upon the Stone, saying:—

"May the Supreme Ruler of the World

preserve this people in Peace, and vouchsafe to them the enjoyment of every blessing."

and beautiful moral lesson which it teaches—the amelioration of human woes—and the undeniable truth it inculcates that the pure benevolence with which it surrounds the objects of its sympathies, has its principles deeply laid in the BIBLE—a Book, it is known, without which, as man never could learn the full measure of his duty to his neighbor or his God, so no Masonic Lodge can organize or work.

In addition to this fact, not known perhaps to those who are not members of our venerable order, we may mention another—that there is no degree conferred throughout the various modes of initiating, passing and raising—the designs, duties and practical requirements of which are not enforced by precepts, rules and exhortations, from that same inspired volume:—and still farther, that no individual, however respectable among men, or eminent in the world, can become a member of the Masonic fraternity, who does not emphatically declare his trust in God, and who does not have the great duty of prayer to that God enforced in the most positive manner upon his very first entrance into a Masonic Lodge. If any man gain admission without this full, and unequivocal acknowledgement, it would be with a lie upon his lips, and a purjured soul before God and man. Is it not evident, then, with the ceremonies initiated into this fraternity—with high moral duties enforced by the august sanctions of the Word of God, that we have a basis upon which no other merely human association has ever stood—and that our trust evidently being in God, our faith is well founded; and that in following such a conductor we need fear no danger. Masonry, like patriotism, knows no north, no south, no east, no west—and thus she unites her affiliated forces with cords that cannot be broken. She utters the same words, she uses the same signs, she employs the same symbols from one end of our great country to the other; and the Mason, impelled by honorable adventure, or legitimate business, who passes properly accredited from his Lodge to any of our Atlantic cities, finds himself as much at home in California, as in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Baltimore.—In courts, or in camps, in foreign lands, however different the customs of nations, or however multiplied the babel tongues of earth—like nature, she speaks an universal language, and "whether sunned at the tropics, or chill'd at the poles," the true craftsman finds ever a brother's hand to grasp in his, and a fraternal welcome to cheer him wherever his destinies may lead.

The various bodies of Christians build their platforms, adopt their creeds, and run their lines of demarcation—and some are for Peter, and some for Paul, and some for Appollos. The political parties draw party-lines, adopt tests and utter party shibboleths; and the wildest, fiercest and darkest passions of human nature are engendered in the struggle for supremacy or ascendancy:—but Masonry teaches her children to leave all these passions and prejudices without the door; and when the Mason, if he be true to her principles and her teachings, crosses that inner threshold, he says to his religious peculiarities, and to his political proclivities, as Abraham said to the young men at the foot of the Mount of Sacrifice, "tarry ye here, while I go up yonder"—and it is a beautiful sight to behold those who perhaps outside of her precincts have wielded the keen weapons of polemical warfare, or engaged in the fierce tourney in the political arena, boding in the same act of worship, uttering the same responses, conforming to the same rites and ceremonies, each heart-pulse beating to the same sweet measure, "truth, relief, and brotherly love."—And yet, the thoughtless, the ignorant, the prejudiced, have sought to cast reproach upon the institution, by a series of conclusions that our lawyers would probably term non sequiturs:—First, "that we are a secret society, and therefore, cannot be a good society." They say, "if your objects are really good, you can have no good reason why the public should not know all about your proceedings." But this illogical objection is not the only one—there is another—"that the lives of some Masons prove that they are bad men—therefore, the institution is a bad one, and should not be countenanced." But here it will be perceived that in violation of the commonest rules of logic, they select a particular case, from which they draw a general conclusion, or rather they confound the terms of the syllogism, and the result is, an absurdity. But let us examine these objections: First, it is a secret society—but if we take the literal, true and obvious meaning of the term *secret*, this charge is untrue. Our organization, our principles of operation, the names of our members and offices, our tenets, motives, designs and objects; our censures and expulsions, and means of raising funds and the disbursements thereof, the times and places of meeting, of communications and convocations,—all the acts and doings in which the world at large, or any particular community in which any lodge is located, have any interest to know, are matters of record and are as public as the proceedings of any laudable or honorable institution on the face of the earth. True, our meetings for work, for the performance of particular duties, the reception of candidates, the institution of members, the advancement of brethren in the light and science of the craft are *exclusive*, *select* and *secret*. But, is there a government on earth, a corporation formed for any purpose, that has not its secrets? Are we, then, singular, or unlike other societies in this re-

spect? "But," say the objectors, "they do not impose the restrictions of inviolable secrecy on what is said and done on occasions of their meetings." But this objection amounts to nothing—for our injunction of secrecy includes only that which relates to the origin and preservation of the society, and the interesting events connected therewith; and this it is which constitutes our *mysteries*! All our invisible machinery, all our secret terror, all our creative power of mischief or evil—not one particle of it is in the least degree connected, adversely, with the political, moral, or religious interests or welfare of the community, any more than a man's private friendships, or private opinions.

The Roman Senate enjoined secrecy upon the sons of the Senators who attended their debates;—our own Senate holds its executive sessions with closed doors. Lycurgus, it is said, taught the Spartans never to permit a word to pass out of the door from a feast; and we know that the conventional usages of polite society stamp the mark of reproval upon the individual who betrays the secrets of a fireside conversation. Is there a man of integrity, honor, truth, who would wantonly babble the secrets of his friend to the winds? Why, then, should Masons be blamed, or branded as bad men, because they have kept the beautiful mysteries of the order sacred from the rude impertinence of a vulgar and prurient curiosity? "But, the lives of many Masons are not the lives of good, but bad men—the Institution itself, therefore, must be a bad one, and therefore should not be encouraged." And this wretched cant of the ignorant, the contracted bigot, or the political trickster, has been so long echoed and re-echoed by the flippant and the prejudiced—our calm, contemptuous silence misconstrued into an admission of the charge, that it must either be refuted, or the fallacy and falsehood must be longer endured.

We grant that many Masons are bad men. This is too true, and bad men are a drawback to any society, secret or public. But the fact itself does not prove the Institution a bad one. In the twelve years, there was a devil, but all the Apostles were not bad men. There are bad men in the Christian Church itself, I am sorry to fear—but is the Christian Church a bad society? Their argument, then, is simply sheer nonsense. I am sorry, I say, to know and believe that we have had, and have now, bad men in the Masonic fraternity. But must we tear down the temple because the sons of Belial have mingled with the worshippers? Shall we shiver a classic column, because the crawling reptile has slimed its capital? No, rather let Masonry wipe out this reproach as far as she can, or, by permitting none to pass or repass, but such as are duly qualified by moral character, and whose lives, like the reputation of Caesar's wife, are above suspicion. Bad men are to be found everywhere, in every society, under every form of government—but who would

The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1868.

FOR PRESIDENT,
HORATIO SEYMOUR.

OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
GEN. FRANCIS P. BLAIR,

OF MISSOURI.

FOR SHERIFF,
JACOB RICHARDSON,

FOR CORONER,
LAWRENCE PENDEGRASS.

Land Agents, Trustees, and Attorneys who have Land for sale, would do well to send their publications to the *Middletown Transcript*. There is a demand for land, by the wealthy farmers in this section, who are investing the principal in the choice lands of the country. Several Maryland farms have recently been purchased by gentlemen in this vicinity, and we have now three applicants, with cash in hand, for eligible Maryland Farms. Land, here, is very high; and there is little or none in the market. It would sell for one to three hundred dollars per acre. This state of things induces our capitalists to seek elsewhere for investments. Send on your advertisements, if you want purchasers.

The Republican papers in Delaware seem to be perplexed over the course of their whilom coadjutor, the *Delaware Journal and Statesman*. It has not run up the flag of Grant and Colfax at its mast-head, since the nomination, and its Republican contemporaries appear to take it much to heart, and hardly know what to make of it. Sundry feelers have been put forth, by one and another of them, in order to sound the *Journal and Statesman* as to its present political status, and they seem to be curious upon the subject as a college of French savans over some abstract principle of science. To us it seems plain, that the nominations of Grant and Colfax, and probably the platform on which they stand, are distasteful to our contemporary, and therefore it has not seen fit to commit itself to either. We have also noticed, now and then, some very sensible and judicious observations in its columns, administering a little wholesome rebuke to the Radicals for their political inconsistencies and misdeeds; and we should be gratified to see more of the same sort, for it is plain that it is needed. What our Republican contemporaries propose to do about it, does not appear, for the present; but we suppose we shall find, after awhile, when they shall have cleared up the muddle, in reference to the *Journal and Statesman*, into which they appear to have fallen.

IMPEACHMENT AGAIN.—In the House of Representatives, on Saturday, Mr. Hamilton, of Florida, presented, as a question of privilege, a preamble and resolutions for the impeachment of President Johnson, instructing the late managers to announce the fact to the Senate, and to prepare and report articles of impeachment. The resolutions were referred to the Judiciary Committee. We presume the Judiciary Committee will report upon the resolutions at the meeting of Congress, and we will possibly have another impeachment trial.

We devote a large portion of our space, in this issue, to an account of the ceremonies of laying the Corner-Stone of the Town Hall, and to the able address of Dr. McCabe, prepared for the occasion. We have enlarged our issue, this week, in order to gratify the very general desire of the public to possess a copy of this oration. It may be had at the counter of D. L. Dunning's Book Store.

The three newspapers published at Easton, Md. are all to be suspended, the first week in August, in order to afford the printers the opportunity of attending Camp Meeting. We trust they may all become (if they are not already) the subjects of saving grace, the "devils" not excepted; and that they may assist, on their return, in exorcising the devil from the editors.

Our correspondents will please bear with us until we can find room for their favors. We are obliged to defer our Baltimore letter, "Leisure Moments," and the article of correspondent Qui Vive.

A correspondent at Odessa sends us the answer to the enigma which appeared in our last, which is:—"Truth is mighty and will prevail."

The Democratic State Convention to nominate a candidate for Congress and Presidential Electors, will be convened on or about the 26th of August.

GREAT FLOOD IN BALTIMORE.—A serious overflow of Jones' Falls and the Patapsco River took place in Baltimore and at Ellicott City, on Friday of last week. Bridges, houses, factories and mills were swept away, and some twenty or thirty lives were lost. People were taken from the second-story windows of houses in Holliday, Saratoga and other streets. Great destruction of property has been occasioned. A store and stock of goods valued at \$20,000, were swept off by the flood at Sykesville, Carroll county. At Frederick City and other places, the flood was very destructive to property.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

ACCIDENT AT FREDERICA.—On Thursday evening, a serious accident happened to Mr. Wyatt, at Frederica station. As the down train approached the station, the horse he was driving became frightened and started to run, but checking him suddenly, he commenced to back, and backed the carriage on the track. The train came in contact with the carriage, breaking it to pieces, and injuring the horse very severely. Mr. Wyatt was thrown out and caught between the cars and the platform, and so severely bruised that it is feared he cannot recover. Great caution ought always to be observed by persons driving horses and vehicles in the vicinity of railroad crossings and stations.

EFFECT OF THE HOT WEATHER UPON EGGS.—From Ogdensburg an account is given of the cooking of an egg in the sun, on the upper deck of a steamboat, during the intensely hot weather about two weeks ago. In Middletown, during the late hot weather, a setting hen left her nest with but three chickens. She returned to the nest (which was under a house) at night, to roost, and the next day added another chicken to her little brood. This was repeated for four days, until her brood numbered seven, the hot weather preserving the embryo chickens from perishing during the day, while the hen was absent from her nest. This story was related in the hearing of a lady of this town, who mentioned the fact, that during the hot weather of last summer, she had a nest of a dozen eggs thrown into the street, supposing them to be rotten. Before night the sun hatched out every one of them, and the young chickens were brought into the yard.

Jenny Lind was famous as a vocalist, and her magic powers were greatly admired in her celebrated "Bird Song." But she never could approach, in excellence, Frank Lippincott's little community of Canaries, which when singing in full chorus, pours forth such gushing melody as enraptures the listening ear. If any one wants one of these sweet songsters he can be supplied at Lippincott's.

The chickens are dying of some unknown disease, in this town and vicinity. Mr. J. T. Budd, has lost a number of ducks and chickens; six or eight are found dead of a morning. Mr. George Derrickson, near Middletown, has also lost a number. The Clayton Herald says a disease is prevalent among the chickens, throughout that section, which it terms the chicken cholera. One gentleman has lost over fifty.

A grand moonlight excursion from Georgetown, on the Sassafras, to Chesapeake City, on the steamer Trumpeter, was to have come off on Tuesday evening last. A cotillion band, dancing, and a good supper, were in the programme; the party to return next morning.

Mr. John Bratton, from Odessa, brings fresh fish and fresh vegetables to Middletown, every morning. His wagon is laden with potatoes, beets, cabbage, onions, cabbages, tomatoes, &c. Among his pâté delicacies are black-fish and flounder.

The Camden Camp is in full blast, and will continue till Friday next. The number of tents is greater than last year, some of them two-story, planed, painted and papered. Rev. James H. Lightbourne, of Dover, has charge of the meeting.

DEATH OF AN ESTIMABLE LADY.—Mrs. Ruth Jones, relief of the late Commodore Jacob Jones, of the U. S. Navy, died at an advanced age, at the residence of her son, E. S. Jones, Esq., near Cecilton, on Monday afternoon July 20th.

Messrs. Stockill, Floyd & Briant, are pushing forward the work on the Town Hall, with rapidity. They have no less than ten hands engaged in laying brick, and the walls are going up like magic.

We are gratified to learn that Rev. Dr. McCabe has so far recovered that he expects to be able to officiate at St. Ann's tomorrow.

A Democratic Pic-Nic will be held in McCrone's Grove, at Hare's Corner, on the 13th of August.

We learn there are sixty permanent boarders at Collin's Beach.

Live chickens are selling here at twenty-five cents per pound. The city markets exceed these prices.

SUITS AGAINST GEN. BUTLER.—The Baltimore *Commercial* of Tuesday evening says:

Col. Charles W. Wooley, by his counsel, R. J. Brent and R. T. Merrick, Esq., has sued General Butler for false imprisonment without any authority from the House of Representatives, and also for seizing his private telegrams, laying his damages at one hundred thousand dollars. Another suit has also been instituted against General Butler, by R. J. Brent, and Meade Addison, Esq., as counsel for Mrs. Kimberly Brothers, of this city, claiming to recover over thirteen thousand dollars illegally exacted of them by General Butler when he commanded at Fortress Monroe, and which it is alleged has never been accounted for to the Government. The writs were served on General Butler as he passed through the city last evening.

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Letter from General Frank P. Blair Accepting the Democratic Nomination for Vice-President.

The following is a copy of General Blair's letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for Vice-President:

General G. W. Morgan, Chairman of the Committee of the National Democratic Convention.

GENERAL: I take the earliest opportunity of replying to your letter notifying me of my nomination for Vice-President of the United States by the National Democratic Convention, recently held in the City of New York. I accept, without hesitation, the nomination tendered in a manner so gratifying, and give you and the committee my thanks for the very kind and complimentary language in which you have conveyed to me the decision of the Convention. I have carefully read the resolutions adopted by the Convention, and most heartily concur in every principle and sentiment they announce. My opinions upon all of the questions which discriminate the great contending parties, have been freely expressed on all suitable occasions, and I do not deem it necessary at this time to reiterate them. The issues upon which the contest turns are clear, and cannot be obscured or disturbed by sophistries of our adversaries. They all resolve themselves into the old and ever recurring struggle of a few men to absorb the political power of the nation. This effort, under every conceivable name and disguise, has always characterized the opponents of the Democratic party, but at no time has the attempt assumed a shape so open and daring as in this contest. The adversaries of free and constitutional government, in defiance of the express language of the Constitution, have erected a military despotism in ten of the States of the Union; have taken from the President the powers vested in him by the supreme law, and have deprived the Supreme Court of its jurisdiction. The right of trial by jury and the great writ of habeas corpus, shields of safety for every citizen, and which have descended to us from the earliest traditions of our ancestors, and which our revolutionary fathers sought to secure to their posterity forever, in the fundamental charter of our liberties, have been ruthlessly trampled under foot by the fragments of a Congress. Whole States and communities of people of our own race have been attained, convicted, condemned and deprived of their rights as citizens, without presentment or trial or witness, but by Congressional enactment of *ex post facto* laws, and in defiance of the constitutional prohibition denying even to a full and legal Congress, the authority to pass any bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law. The usurping authority has substituted as electors, in place of the men of our own race, thus illegally attained and disfranchised, a host of ignorant negroes, who are supported in idleness with the public money, and combined together to strip the white race of their birthright, through the management of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the emissaries of conspirators in other States, and to complete the oppression the military power of the nation has been placed at their disposal. In order to make this barbarism supreme, the military leader, under whose prestige this usurping Congress has taken refuge since the condemnation of their schemes by the free people in the elections of last year, and whom they have selected as their candidate to shield themselves from the result of their own wickedness and crime, has announced his acceptance of the nomination, and his willingness to maintain their usurpations over eight millions of white people at the South, fixed to the earth by his bayonets, he exclaims "Let us have peace." "Peace reigns in Washington" was the announcement which heralded the doom of the liberties of a nation. "The Empire is peace," exclaimed Bonaparte when freedom and its defenders expired under the sharp edge of his sword. The peace to which Grant invites us, is the peace of despotism and death. Those who seek to restore the Constitution by executing the will of the people, condemning the reconstruction acts already pronounced in the elections of last year, and which will, I am convinced, be still more emphatically exercised by the election of the Democratic candidate as the President of the United States, are denounced as revolutionists by the partisans of this vindictive Congress. Negro suffrage, which the popular vote of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Connecticut, and other States, have condemned as expressly against the letter of the Constitution, must stand because their Senators and Representatives have willed it. If the people shall again condemn these atrocious measures by the election of the Democratic candidate for President, they must not be disturbed although decided to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and although the President is sworn to maintain and support the Constitution. The will of a Congress reinforced with its partisan emissaries sent to the South and supported there by the soldiery must stand against the will of the people and the solemn oath of the President to maintain and support the Constitution. It is revolutionary to execute the will of the people; it is revolutionary to execute the judgement of the Supreme Court; it is revolutionary in the President to keep inviolate his oath to sustain the Constitution. This false construction of the vital principle of our government, is the last resort of those who would have their arbitrary reconstruction, sway and supersede our time-honored institutions. The national will says the Constitution must be restored, and this will of the people again prevails. The appeal to the peaceful ballot to attain this end, is not war, is not revolution. They make war and revolution, who attempt to arrest this quiet mode of putting aside military despotism, and the usurpation of a fragment of a Congress, asserting absolute power over that benign system of regulated liberty left us by our fathers. This must be allowed to take its course, this is the only road to peace; it will come with the election of the Democratic candidate, and not with the election of that mailed warrior whose bayonets are now at the throats of eight millions of people in the South, to compel them to support him as a candidate

for the Presidency, and to submit to the domination of an alien race of semi-barbarous men. No perversion of truth or aspersion of misrepresentation can exceed that which hails this candidate in arms as an angel of peace.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
FRANK P. BLAIR.

OUTRAGE AND ROBBERY.—On Wednesday morning, the 22d instant, a lamentable affair occurred in the immediate vicinity of Bel Air, Harford county, Md. which has shocked and greatly excited our whole community. A most respectable young lady, who lives within about a mile of the town, and is in the habit of walking in every day, was waylaid and attacked by a negro man, named Isaac Moore, who forcibly carried her some distance from the public road and robbed and shamefully maltreated her. He was soon afterwards arrested and lodged in jail, and, being brought before a magistrate for examination, the evidence against him was conclusive, and showed such deliberate and hardened villainy, that the fury of the crowd could no longer be restrained, and he was carried off to the place where the act was committed, and hung. He confessed his guilt, and implicated another negro as his accomplice, who is now in jail. It appears that the act was premeditated, and morning and evening for several days, he was lurking about the spot watching for his victim, and waiting for a favorable opportunity.

This is not the first or second offence of the kind, of which said Moore has been guilty in this neighborhood. In March, 1861, he was convicted in our Court, of rape, and, under the humane law then in force, he was sold out of the State for a term of ten years; but during the war he was enabled to return, and in 1866 was again indicted for several similar offences, but was enabled to escape by reason of the very natural unwillingness of the witnesses to appear in Court. In one of the cases he attacked a party of young ladies in a carriage near Havre de Grace, and dragged one of them off into the woods, but she left the State rather than submit to the facts in open Court. We also learn that he has been guilty of many like offences against persons of his own color, until he had become a terror in the neighborhood, and persons white and black unite in recognizing his guilt and the justness of his punishment.

It is, of course, to be regretted that he did not receive his punishment in due course of law; but the aggravation was so great, that the assembled multitude thought such a fiend was unfit to live, and the safety of the community appeared to them to require that he should be summarily dealt with.

MOVEMENTS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—Mr. Jefferson Davis and family sailed from Quebec on Saturday last for Europe. It has been stated in a Washington paper, that in his coming trial at Richmond he will appear by counsel. This may or may not be so; but we have reason to believe that the circumstances under which Mr. Davis sails for Europe are such as would make it desirable to remain there with a view of providing for his family. Unlike many of the leading public men of this country in civil life, Mr. Davis is not a lawyer. His original profession was not a career. He, therefore, cannot resort to practice at the bar, as so many others have done whose fortunes were wrecked during the war. Hence other employment is necessary, and the expected opportunity of a commercial connection with a house in England for American business probably will take him abroad.

Hoofland's German Bitters.

As composed of the pure juices (or, as they are sometimes termed *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from all alcoholic admixture* of any kind.

Hoofland's German Tonic.

As composed of the pure juices (or, as they are sometimes termed *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from all alcoholic admixture* of any kind.

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The Middletown Transcript
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY HENRY VANDERFORD.
Office corner Main and Scott streets, over
D. L. Dunning's Book and Variety Store.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum, payable in advance.
Single copies five cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—One square of ten lines, \$1 for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. One square foot \$10; six months \$60. For a quarter of a column three months \$8; six months \$15; one year, with the privilege of four changes, \$25; for half a column \$50. Fractions of a square to be counted as a square. When the number of insertions is not marked, advertisements will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Obituaries published at advertising rates. Marriages and Deaths inserted free. Yearly subscription confine their advertisements to their own business.

All letters should be addressed to THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, Middletown, Del.

LOOK HERE!!

THE subscriber has just opened a New Store, in ODESSA, where he purposed keeping a full assortment of

GOODS,

such as are generally kept in a country store. I respectfully invite the citizens of ODESSA and vicinity to call in, and examine my prices; and you will find that they will compare with the lowest city prices.

Muslins, bl'd and unbl'd, 6, 8, 10 and 15cts. Prints, 7, 10 and 12cts. Alpacas, all colors, 25cts. Grenadiers Mozambique, 25cts. Challe Delaine, 25cts. Lawns (Pacific) 20cts. 30cts. 10, 12, and 15cts. Scotch do. 31cts. Splend. Linen Duck 31cts. Cottonades, 25cts. 31cts. Heavy Cotton Duck, 20cts. Denim, 25cts. Jeans, 20cts. Cambries, 15cts. Fine all wool Cassimers, 80cts. a \$1.00. Heavy Kerseys, 80cts a \$1.00.

Sugar, brown, 12cts. White, A and B, 10cts. Coffee, best, 28cts. Molasses, 50cts. Coal Oil, 50cts. Lamp Oil, \$1.00. Cheese, 20cts. Pork and Shoulders, 18cts. Hams, covered, 25cts. Herring, by the bbl., \$7.50. Mackerel.

QUEENS-WARE,
A Full Assortment,
Full Tea Sets, Iron Stone. \$7.00
HARD WARE, WOODEN WARE.

**SCOWDRICK & MOORE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRY GOODS AND
GROCERY DEALERS,**

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public generally, that they have just received and are constantly receiving direct from the Importers and Jobbers a large and splendid stock of Spring and Summer Goods of the latest Styles and Patterns, consisting in part of

Fine French Cloths, French and Doeskin Cassimers.

Ladies' Fine Cloaking Cloths.

DRESS GOODS,
OF EVERY VARIETY SUCH AS

MOHAIR'S, POPLINS, ALPACAS &c.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS
of the best standard make.

A LARGE STOCK OF

WHITE GOODS AND TRIMMINGS,
Hosiery, Gloves, Notions, &c.

HATS AND CAPS.
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware &c.

in fact everything usually kept in a first class Country Store, and at the very lowest prices the markets can afford.

We have also bought of Mr. D. McKee, his entire stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

which in connection with our General Stock will be offered at greatly reduced prices.

Boots for your heretofore houteous partners, we hope by strict attention to business to share a continuance of the same.

On account of the Credit System being so thoroughly reduced among the Wholesale Dealers and Jobbers, our TERMS will be hereafter 6 months credit, or 5 per cent off cash.

SCOWDRICK & MOORE,
Middletown, Del.

May 2-3.

NOW READY.

A Book for the Times!

A UNANSWERED and UNANSWERABLE EXPOSITION of the Nature and Theory of our Government.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT,

Its True Nature and Character;

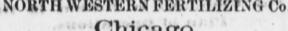
Being a review of Judge Story's Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, by Judge Abel P. Upshur, a Law Student under the instruction of William Wirt, author of the Libby, Hervey, & Jaffray, of the General Court of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy in 1802, and Secretary of State on the retirement of Daniel Webster. With an introduction and Copious Critical and Explanatory Notes, by C. Chauncy Burr. One vol. 12mo, Cloth. Price \$1.50. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Address—VAN EYK, HORTON & CO.,
162 Nassau street, New York.

July 4-2w.

BAUGH'S COMMERCIAL MANURES.

ON EVERY TRADE MARK PACKAGE.



BAUGH & SONS, Philada.

AND NORTH WESTERN FERTILIZING CO.

Chicago, Sole Manufacturers.

PRICES.

BAUGH'S RAW BONE PHOSPHATE,

\$56 per 2000 pounds.

BAUGH'S CHICAGO BONE FERTILIZER,

\$50 per 2000 pounds.

BAUGH'S CHICAGO BLOOD MANURE,

\$50 per 2000 pounds.

The above Manures are furnished in both bags and barrels, whichever customers prefer. They are uniform in weight 160 pounds.

The attention of Farmers is especially directed to the quality and purity of the Raw Material of which these Manures are composed, and are well under control that we can furnish them of strictly uniform quality and condition, and that they contain a larger percentage of ammonia than any other class of manufactured manures in the market.

BAUGH & SONS,
20 S. DELAWARE AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA.

NORTH WESTERN FERTILIZING CO.,
Cor. Lake & Lasalle Sts.,
CHICAGO.

PLAID MUSLINS, BRILIANTS,

Victoria Lawns, Bird-eye Linen,

Table Covers, Fine Damask.

In all, a well assured stock of Goods, carefully selected. Bought for cash, and will be sold very low for cash. Give us a call, and save ten per cent.

CHARLES T. STRATTON,
July 18-19. ODESSA, Del.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

MR. RICHMOND CHAMBERLAIN,
MIDDLETON, DELA.

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS AND PATENT MEDICINES, AND RELATED ARTICLES. Preserves, Balsams, Perfumes and Syrups.

Powdered Wine and Liquors for medicinal use.

Lamps, Lamp Fixtures, Shades, Wicks, Cleaners, &c. The latest improvements in Burners and Chimneys.

Physicians' Prescriptions, carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

Physicians and Farmers will find our stock of Drugs complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

Cigars and Tobacco of the best Baltimore manufacture.

Store—Maine Street, opposite Davis' Hotel.

January 18-19

MIDDLETON IRON FOUNDRY

AND

MACHINE SHOP.

PLOWS and Plow Castings, Machine Castings of all kinds on hand or made to order.

Particular attention given to Repairing Machinery. Cash for old Iron.

W. M. BUCKE & SON,
Founders and Machinists.

G. & H. BARNMORE,
MANUFACTURERS,

PIANO FORTE

WAREHOUSE, 348 Bleeker Street, New York City.

25 Years Established, and 27 Years
Medals Awarded.

Our Piano Fortes are now universally acknowledged by the most distinguished artists to be the best manufactured, and we are particularly anxious that our Friends and Customers will be pleased to say one word in their favor, their excellence stands pre-eminent in those of other makers, and we are gratified to learn that our Fortes are equal to the best. In the last thirty years, we can boast of a sales-class Piano Forte, as still to be found in every great city in the United States.

Every Piano Forte Warranted for 5 Years, and
guaranteed to give Satisfaction.

They are without doubt the best, the most lasting, and consequently the cheapest. We are content with a few, and therefore can offer the best.

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Select Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The following lines were written by Tyrone Power, the famous Irish comedian, who perished on the steamer President. They were inscribed on the wall of the "Old Blandford Church," near Petersburg, Va., in which city Power had an engagement.

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile!

Thou art hastening to fall;

And round thee, in the loneliness,

Clings the ivy to the wall;

The worshippers are scattered now,

Who kneel before thy shrine;

And silence reigns where anthems rose,

In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,

Where oft in years gone by,

Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,

The thoughts of the right,

The trials of the wrong,

That sought thy aisles o'er,

And many a weary heart around,

Is still forevermore.

How doth ambition's hope take wings!

How drops the spirit now?

We have the distant o'er's :

The dead, the living, low;

The sun that shone upon their paths

Now gilds their lonely graves,

The zephyr which once fanned their brows

The grave above them waves.

Oh! could we call the many back;

Or bring back the many vain;

Who've carelessly roved, where we do now,

Who'll never meet again!

How would our very hearts be stirred,

To meet the earliest gaze,

Or the lovely and the beautiful—

The lights of other days!

"A STRANGER."

GRANDMA'S DREAMS.

I wonder what grandma is thinking about,

As she sits in the corner there,

With the firelight shining into her eyes

And over her silver hair?

She has laid her knitting across her knee,

And folded her hands so thin,

And I know her thoughts are far away,

In spite of the children's din.

I'm sure it is something strange and sweet

That brightens her eyes so dim;

Perhaps she is seeing the golden gate;

And hearing the angels' hymn?

And she smiles to think that she soon will cross

Where the wonderful river rolls,

And gather the rose of her youth again,

In the beautiful garden of souls!

THE AGE OF LOVE.

"Prithee, tell me, Dimpie Chin,

At what age does love begin?"

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,

"I can't tell you if I try.

"Ts so long I can't remember;

Ask some younger miss than I!"

"Tell me, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face,

Do your heart and head keep pace?

When does hoary love expire?

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,

Youth may pass, and strength may die;

"But for love! I can't forego;

Ask some older sage than I!"

Wit and Humor.

VERY UNREASONABLE.—A Paris paper has this bit of French humor:

"X—, a lad on whom fortune had not smiled, married a rich heiress, Miss D—, against the will of her brother, a gentleman in high position. Since his sister's marriage, D—, will recognize neither wife nor husband. One day he met the unhappy X—, who came up and held out his hand.

"Never!" replies the implacable brother-in-law.

"How! You refuse your hand to me?" said the late bridegroom. "I understand why you should not like to speak to your sister, who has made a bad match; but what reason have you for bearing such a grudge against me, since I have made such an excellent one?"

MAKING IT PLAIN.—The preacher at the African Church at Frankford, near Philadelphia, was telling his congregation about Moses crossing the Red Sea; and, to make his description quite plain, illustrated it as follows: "Spose you're de children of Israel, and I's Moses; Jarsey is de Wilderness, and Bridgesburg de Promised Land. Well, I brings you down to de ribber, and waves my hand up towards Tacony, and de waters roll backward toward Philadelphia, and we all goes over without gittin', wet. When de las' pickaninny gets over I waves my hand toward Philadelphia, and I waves my hand toward Tacony, and de water r-o-l-i-s back from toward Tacony—and dey was taken for shaft dere de nev' mornin'!"

A celebrated lawyer and Governor of South Carolina had been employed to defend a fellow indicted for stealing a horse. The evidence was plain against him, but the Governor made such a powerful speech that the jury at once acquitted him. After he was turned loose, he was accosted by a friend, "Now, Jim honor bright, did you steal that horse?" "Well, Tom, for a long time I thought I stole him, but since I've heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did."

A HARROWING TALE.—A prominent journalist of New York has offered a reward of \$1,000 for a tale that will make his hair stand on end. Before our ambitious authors enter the field of competition, it may be well for them to understand that the generous journalist is perfectly bald.

A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name anything surpassing it. A hearer demurred, and instanced a young lady who used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday.

An Irishman who was illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, made the melancholy statement that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survive it.

To keep your wife in constant check—make her dress in gingham.

The paper containing many fine points—paper of needles.

Eve was made for Adam's express company.

A gentleman hiring a servant, after patiently enduring the usual catechism, when asked, "And have you any children?" he replied, "Yes, I have five, but can drown two or three, if you insist upon it."

An old bachelor correspondent advises us to publish the births under the head of "new music."

It is said when a Russian husband neglects to beat his wife for a month or two, she begins get alarmed at his indifference.

Love, the toothache, a cough and tight boots, are things which cannot be long kept secret.

A secret has been admirably defined as "anything made known to anybody in a whisper."

There is a powerful amount of "I-hood" and "Us-ness" about a bad case of egotism.

No wonder that the female sex is obstinate. The Latin word for woman is *matri*.

The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.

Our Olio.

LARGE AND HEAVY POULTRY.—A foreign exchange records the following figures in representing the respective weights of different birds at a late poultry show in England, which are as follows: Turkeys—Cook and hen, exceeding one year old, first, second, third and fourth prizes respectively, 50 pounds, 463 pounds and 424 pounds; birds of 1867, first prize, 36 pounds 13 ounces, second, 35 pounds; third, 35 pounds, and fourth, 33½ pounds. Geese—White gander and goose, exceeding one year old, first prize, 54½ pounds; second, 49 pounds; birds of 1867, first prize, 44 pounds; second, 41 pounds; gray and mottled, exceeding one year old, first prize, 54 pounds; second, 41 pounds; birds of 1867, first prize, 45½ pounds; second, 45½ pounds. Ducks—White Ayshbury (drake and duck,) first prize, 15½ pounds, second, 17½ pounds; third, 10½ pounds; Rouen first prize, 19½ pounds; second, 18 pounds; third, 18 pounds; fourth, 16 pounds; fifth, 17½ pounds; sixth, 15½ pounds.

EXTENSIVE SEA COAST.—The sea coast of Maine is more extensive than that of any other Atlantic State. Its length in a strait line, from Kittery Point to Quoddy Head, is about 225 miles, but following its windings it is nearly a thousand miles.

This extensive coast says the Portland Transcript, is diversified by every variety of indentation, affording not only excellent harbors, but the most picturesque scenery.

The shore is fringed by the sea and bays, inlets, coves, creeks, straits, and peninsulas far into the land, while bold headlands and peninsulas project into the sea.

The coast is dotted with most lovely islands, elevated, wooded and many of them crowded with lighthouses. There are forty-one lighthouses on the coast.

HURRAH.—The origin of this exultant interjection is probably unknown to nine-tenths of those who use it. It is as old as the Selcuvian race, for aught we know, as is commonly heard on the banks of the Vistula as on those of the Hudson. From the coast of Dalmatia to Behring's Straits it is the cry of warlike assault and the shout of victory. In this country we put it to all sorts of congratulatory and defiant uses, and its most tremendous "vocal effects" are comprehended in "three times three and a tiger." The source of the words is in the primitive oriental idea that every man who dies for his country goes to Heaven—*Ha-ri-j*, the Slavonian derivative, meaning, literally, "To Paradise."

A new, and it seems to us a very ingenious plan to teach the young idea how to spell and read, has been devised by a French teacher. He prints all the vowels blue, the consonants red, and the letters not heard in pronunciation, black. On the opposite page, the same lesson is printed in the usual type to accustom the pupil to the ordinary lesson book.

WE GUARANTEE IT

TO BE

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned, having rented the large and convenient room formerly occupied by Mr. T. E. Jump, at Warwick, has just opened a large and complete assortment of all kinds of

GOODS.

necessary to be kept in a first class store. Having come among you for the purpose of making an honest living, he hopes by close attention to business to receive a share of the public patronage, pledging himself to make it to your interest to give him a call, intending to sell any and all goods as low as they can be bought in any town on the shore; call in and examine, and if it is not so, you are not compelled to buy. No charge for showing goods.

Look at Some of the Prices,

Calicoes, 8, 10, 12 and 16 cents per yard.

Muslin, 10, 12, 15, 18, and 22 cents per yard.

Good and all wool Cassimères, 65, 75, and \$1.00 per yard. Fine Black Cloths and Cassimères from \$1.25 to \$5.00.

A Fine Stock of Ready Made Clothing

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

GROCERIES.

Brown Sugar, 12½, 16 and 17 cents per pound.

Green Coffee, 25 and 30 cents per lb.

Good and all wool Carpets, 10, 12, 15, 18, and 22 cents per yard.

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